

D 526
.2
.H15
Copy 1

COMFORT THOUGHTS
FOR THOSE
AT HOME

EMILY V. HAMMOND

Comfort Thoughts *for* *Those at Home*

Compiled by

Emily U. Hammond

Editor of "Comfort Thoughts for Comfort Kits,"
"Golden Treasury of the Bible," etc.



New York

Edwin S. Gorham, Publisher

11 West 45th St.

1918

526
.2
H15

COPYRIGHT
EDWIN S. GORHAM
1918

© Cl. A 512214

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

JAN 24 1919

Ms. T. 1. 1. 4. 1. 9.

DEDICATED

TO

THOSE OVER HERE WHOSE HEARTS ARE
WITH THEIR LOVED ONES
OVER THERE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The compiler takes pleasure in acknowledging her indebtedness to the authors and publishers who have so generously granted permission to use extracts from their copyrighted publications. Among these are—

George H. Doran Co. for *A Little Prayer for the Man in the Air* by John Oxenham, Miss Amelia J. Burr for *Stay-at-Home Stars*, Macmillan Co. for *How Can I Serve?* by Hermann Hagedorn and selections from *Sādhāna* and *Gitanjali* by Rabindranath Tagore, Miss Helen Fraser for selections from *Women and War Work*, The Outlook Co. for *Ad Finem* by Jean Brooke Burt and *A Prayer* by Lyman Abbott, and Harper Brothers for selections from *Abraham's Bosom* by Basil King.

Every effort has been made to avoid infringing on anyone's rights, and if this has occurred it has been done unconsciously.

A LITTLE PRAYER FOR THE MAN IN THE AIR

I NEVER hear
The growling diapason of a plane up there,
The deep reverb'rant humming of a plane
up there,
But up to God I wing a little prayer,
Begging His care
For him who braves the dangers of the air.

"God keep you, Bird-man, in your plane
up there
Your wings upbear, your heart sustain!
Give you good flight and oversight,
And bring you safe to earth again!"

I, too, have hostages with fortune up
above,
And what may come to you may come to
mine.
So, once again,—“ God speed you as you
rove!
Both you and mine to His care I consign.”

JOHN OXENHAM

STAY-AT-HOME STARS

OUR service flag has just one star,
But Mother says, "of course you know
That you and I, like Father, are
In service—but the stars that show
Are for the people that must go.
Father will know our stars are bright
Even if no one else can see."

The sky is full of stars to-night—
Is it God's service flag, maybe,
With one for her and one for me?

AMELIA J. BURR

HOW CAN I SERVE?

THERE are strange ways of serving God,
You sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly to your surprise
You hear the whirr of seraphim
And find you're under God's own eyes
And building palaces for him.

There are strange unexpected ways
Of going soldiering these days,
It may be only census-blanks
You're asked to conquer with a pen,
But suddenly you're in the ranks
And fighting for the rights of men!

HERMANN HAGEDORN

MY BOY

I GAVE my Boy to his country—
And he sailed away to sea.
I waved farewell to the Boy I knew,
For his Captain had said to me:
“Even if death shall pass him through,
This Boy will never come back to you.”

I gave my Boy to his country—
And he never came back to me.
Though death had played for his life and
lost,
Though his body and mind went free,
War touched his spirit with fire and frost;
A man had been born at an awful cost.

I gave my Boy to his country—
And it sent a man back to me.
My part of the price for the world's ad-
vance,
His Boyhood lost for liberty.
Death spared the man, by some glad
chance,
But the Boy that he was—had died in
France.

S. W. H.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

WHEN morning breaks and I arise,
And see the sunlight play and dance
Upon the wall, before my eyes,
I think of him, "Somewhere in France."

My son, whose boyhood and whose youth
Were kept so free from care and pain
By us, who prayed he'd love the truth
And count true manhood more than gain.

At noon, when turns the day toward night,
And clouds float high in heaven's expanse,
My thoughts are with him, far from sight,
My son, my pride, "Somewhere in France."

At night, I gaze upon the skies,
And myriad stars see at a glance,
Those stars are shining where he lies,
My stalwart son, "Somewhere in France."

God keep him safe, and make me strong
To do my part where'er it lies,
Until the right shall conquer wrong
And Freedom's sun blaze in the skies.

L. B. H.

YE THAT HAVE FAITH

YE that have faith to look with fearless
eyes

Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night
shall rise

The dawn of ampler life;
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless
dower,

To live in these great times and have
your part

In Freedom's crowning hour,
That ye may tell your sons who see the
light

High in the heavens—their heritage to
take—

"I saw the powers of Darkness put to
flight,

I saw the morning break."

Note:—These lines were found penciled on a sheet of paper in the pocket of a young Australian who died in the trenches at Gallipoli—evidently written by him just before he met his death.

OUR AFFINITY WITH THE INFINITE

PAIN, which is the feeling of our finiteness, is not a fixture in our life. It is not an end in itself, as joy is. To meet with it is to know that it has no part in the true permanence of creation. It is what error is in our intellectual life.

It is a truth that man is not a detached being, that he has a universal aspect; and when he recognizes this, he becomes great.

The tragedy in human life consists in our vain attempts to stretch the limits of things which can never become unlimited, —to reach the infinite by absurdly adding to the rungs of the ladder of the finite.

Gaining a thing is by its nature partial, it is limited only to a particular want; but *being* is complete, it belongs to our wholeness, it springs not from any necessity but from our affinity with the infinite, which is the principle of perfection that we have in our soul.

That only which is done for love is done freely, however much pain it may cause. Therefore, working for love, is freedom in action.—From *Sādhana* by Rabindranath Tagore.

SONG FROM GITANJALI

WHERE the mind is without fear and the
head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up
into fragments by narrow domestic
walls;
Where words come out from the depth of
truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms
towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not
lost its way into the dreary desert
sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into
ever widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my father,
let my country awake.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

WOMEN AND WAR WORK

THE regeneration of the world cannot come from the sacrifice of our men alone, or even of some of us at home. The few may save countries and do great things, but the work of reconstruction rests on everybody. Nations are made up of individuals, and a nation cannot hope for moral and social regeneration except through individual self-denial, self-sacrifice, and service.

It is in our hearts and our own minds that the great task of reconstruction must be done.

The greatest task of reconstruction for most of us is to make all our actions worthy of our highest self—to bring to the problems that confront us, not one detached and prejudiced bit of us, but the whole mind and spirit of ourselves the best of us always in unity.

HELEN FRASER

IF

(With Apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can keep your head while all about
you

Are spending cash on foolish things or
worse,

If you can do with shabby clothes and
cornbread

To buy War Savings Stamps for "Un-
cle's" purse,

If you can work and not be tired by
working

At some dull round where Conscience
is the boss,

With no more chance of getting cash or
credit

Than getting the Distinguished Service
Cross;

If you can stick, with all your pulses
tingling,

At that small thing you can and must
do well,

And not for petty pleasures set them
jingling—

Those quarters that must go for shot
and shell—

But watch and work, and turn and twist,
contriving

To make a dollar do the work of four,
And know full well that you are just
arriving

At what the French have done for
years—and more;

If you can talk and always still remember
That gossip often plays the German
game,

If you can silent be and yet a member
Of that great host that feeds the Torch's
flame,

If you can give your heart and soul and
spirit

And all the best you are, the best you've
won,

Then only is this sacred land yours to
inherit,

And you have earned your right to
freedom, son!

FITZHUGH THOMSON

BORDERLAND

THERE is a mystic borderland that lies
Just past the limits of our work-day
world,
And it is peopled with the friends we met
And loved, a year, a month, a week or
day,
And parted from with aching hearts, yet
knew
That through the distance we must loose
the hold
Of hand with hand, and only clasp the
thread
Of memory. But still so close we feel this
land,
So sure we are that these same hearts are
true,
That when in waking dreams there comes
a call
That sets the thread of memory aglow:
We know that just by stretching out the
hand
In written word of love, or book, or flower,
The waiting hand will clasp our own once
more
Across the silence, in the same old way.

AD FINEM

WHEN it is over and the Great Cause won,
Then you can say how hard it was to go,
We two together, underneath the sun,
Alone, on some far hill where sweet winds
 blow.

But now there is not time for talk, just
 deeds

Of sacrifice, made glorious to us all.

We will be brave for one another's needs,
Answering dry-eyed the country's call.

We will be wise, my Love, unto the end
When you must leave me, not forlorn, for
 now

I know our hearts flame as one fire, and
 blend

Like mist that gathers at a steamer's bow.

We have had days together, you and I;

Memories of these lie fresh within my
 heart,

So when the hour must come to say good-
 by,

Remembering, I will be brave to part.

When it is over, if you come to me,

Your clear eyes kind with knowledge of
 the fires

Of battlefields, God grant we two will see

Peace, and the waiting dreams of our
 desires.

JEAN BROOKE BURT

PREPARATION

SOMEWHERE, dear God, in this great
world of Thine,

Lives he who once was absolutely
mine—

Before the war with all its horrors grim
Called to his manhood that it needed
him.

So close we walked that naught could
come between,

But now, in dreams alone, his face is
seen.

So close he held my hand I could not fall,
And now but silence, as of some dark
wall.

I know not if tonight, on land or sea,
His prayer ascends to ask Thy care of
me,

But I do know that when he comes again—
When Earth is rid of all this scourging
pain—

He will be different, and I, too, must
grow

If I, his wife, would understanding
know,

And when he talks of things all strange
and new

I'd have him find that I have learned
them, too.

He'll not have lost the tender little ways
With which he used to glorify all days,
But he will wear a look as not of yore—

As one who sees beyond a closed door.
Then will I try with all a woman's wiles
To woo his thoughts across the dreary
miles—

To strip them bare of every awful thing,
And make the horrors that he sees take
wing.

So, help me, God, a fitting mate to be
When my Belovèd comes again to me.
When he recounts, as in heroic dream,
Some comrade's deed of sacrifice su-
preme,

Then I will thank Thee from a woman's
heart

That he was there, prepared to do his
part—

To give his all if need for that should
be—

And yet was spared to come again to
me.

JANIE SCREVEN HEYWARD

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS

A PRESENT HEAVEN

"THOSE who love Light inherit it. There are no leaps and bounds in life. What mortals call death takes them where it finds them—as every day and hour does the same."

"Is death an invention? Isn't it the most real of all realities?" "Everything is real to which we lend reality. It has just the reality we lend to it."

"We see God by what we understand of Him; we understand Him by His attributes; and we measure His attributes by their beauty and goodness and practicality. Whenever there has been a blessing for you to enjoy, you've seen God. Whenever love has helped you or kindness cheered you, you've seen God. There is not one world in which God is seen and another where He is not. There is not a life with God and another life away from Him. There is only one world, and God fills it; there is only one life, to which God is All-in-All. There is no Beyond. There is only a universal Here! There is only an ever-present Now! To know God is eternal life, and they who possess even the rudiments of that knowledge shall never and can never die."

BASIL KING

FROM THE TRENCHES

O DEATH! At home they call it death—
And sit and weep because they think
Their sons beloved are slain,
And they are left alone
To mourn their dead.
While we, across the trenches' top,
Have leaped to Life, and find
We have but left behind
The rags and blood and dirt
Of grimy battlefield, and—
A great host of us,
All eager, happy and alive—
Are pressing onwards towards a goal
We dimly see, of duty, beauty,
Love and Life, which calls us on
To tasks more glorious than
We could achieve midst stress
And storm and reek of cannon smoke.
Hark! You can hear us calling
From each to each a greeting
As we meet,—comrades and erstwhile
foe.
“Friend! Is this all to death?
Why should we ever fear
This passing through a shadow
Which but seems a moment's shock,

As though we had but bowed our heads
To pass beneath a narrow doorway
From some dug-out small, and found
Ourselves a little blinded by the light
Which shines from heaven's eternal
day?

You here!—You too!—And you!
How glad we are to find
Each other, and to prove
There is no death!"

MARY LLOYD McCONNEL

BIBLE VERSES

Selections from Isaiah

THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon them, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to

preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

Selections from Psalms

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous:
but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

God is our refuge and strength, a very
present help in trouble.

He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and
cutteth the spear in sunder: he burneth
the chariot in fire.

Be still, and know that I am God; I
will be exalted among the heathen, I will
be exalted in the earth.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of
the Most High, shall abide under the
shadow of the Almighty.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror
by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by
day, nor for the pestilence that walketh
in darkness, nor for the destruction that
wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and
ten thousand at thy right hand, but it
shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,
and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord,
which is my refuge, even the Most High,
thy habitation, there shall no evil befall
thee, neither shall any plague come nigh
thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over
thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which
made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall
neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is
thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor
the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out,
and thy coming in, from this time forth,
and even for evermore.

Words of the Master

Come unto me, all ye that labour and
are heavy laden, and I will give you
rest.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they
shall see God.

I am the light of the world: he that
followeth me shall not walk in darkness,
but shall have the light of life.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know
them, and they follow me: and I give
unto them eternal life; and they shall
never perish, neither shall any man pluck
them out of my hand. My Father, which
gave them me, is greater than all; and
no man is able to pluck them out of my
Father's hand.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will
come to you.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I
give unto you: not as the world giveth,

give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

Words of St. Paul

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

If God be for us, who can be against us?

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

All things are your's; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal but the things which are not seen are eternal.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Be careful for nothing; but in every-

thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

EVENING HYMN

FATHER Divine, the daylight now is
gone

I rest in Thee.

Teach me Thy will, that I may be at one
With love and harmony.

My rest is following where truth shall
lead

To realms above,
And in Thy service I have every need
Supplied by perfect love.

Thou art my strength, O Lord, it cannot
fail,

Supply Thou me.

So when the glowing stars shall wane and
pale

I rise to work for Thee. .

No evil can approach me while I sleep,

For God is near,

And He in harmony His child will keep
Till daylight doth appear.

Peace, perfect peace and love shall be my
rest

When night doth fall,

I sink to sleep, by thoughts of heaven
blest,

Knowing that God is all.

MORNING HYMN

FATHER Divine, the sunrise gloweth
bright,

I rise to do Thy will;
The love that kept me through the pass-
ing night
Can guide and keep me still.

Fear cannot enter where the Love Divine
Doth ever dwell,
The guidance and the strength alone are
Thine
And Thou do'st all things well.

The weight of a decision unto me doth not
belong,
Thou rulest all, I look alone to Thee
And in Thy strength am strong.

The power of love alone the world can
sway,
Good shall prevail,
If naught but love reign in my heart to-
day
Nothing I do can fail.

A PRAYER

O GOD, in whom we live and move and have our being, and who dost also live and move and have some measure of Thy being in us Thy children, we do not ask for Thy presence, for we know that we are always in Thy presence. We ask that we may have the eyes to see Thee; and the ears to hear Thy still, small voice, and the hearts to welcome Thee; that we may always walk in Thy ways, inspired by Thy companionship. Amen.

LYMAN ABBOTT

By Emily V. Hammond

COMFORT THOUGHTS FOR
COMFORT KITS

48 pages, thin paper, decorated
cover - - - - \$.10

COMFORT THOUGHTS FOR
THOSE AT HOME

36 pages, thin paper, decorated
cover - - - - .10

GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE
BIBLE

Size 5 x 3½, thin paper, decorated
cover, cloth, limp - - 1.00

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 546 769 7

